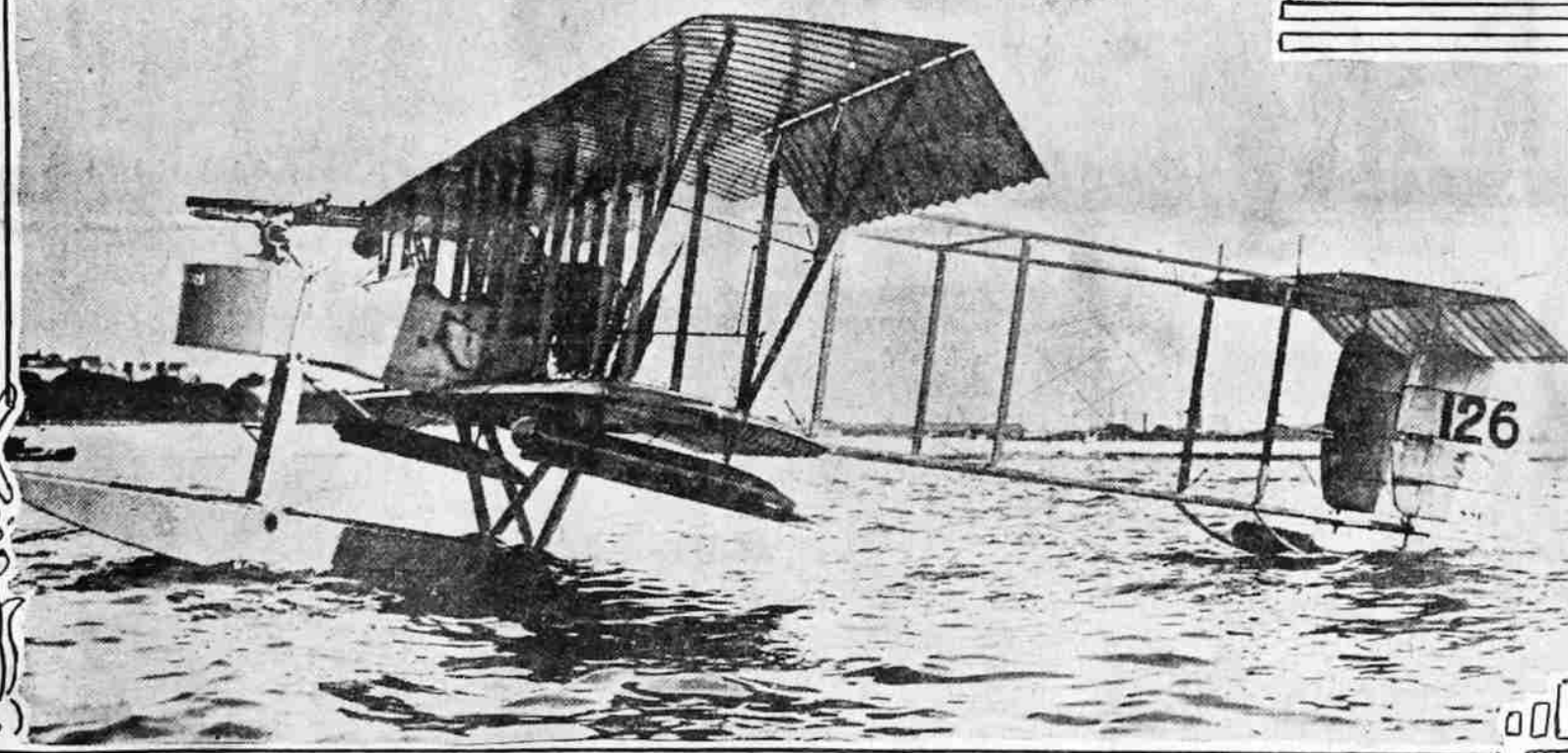
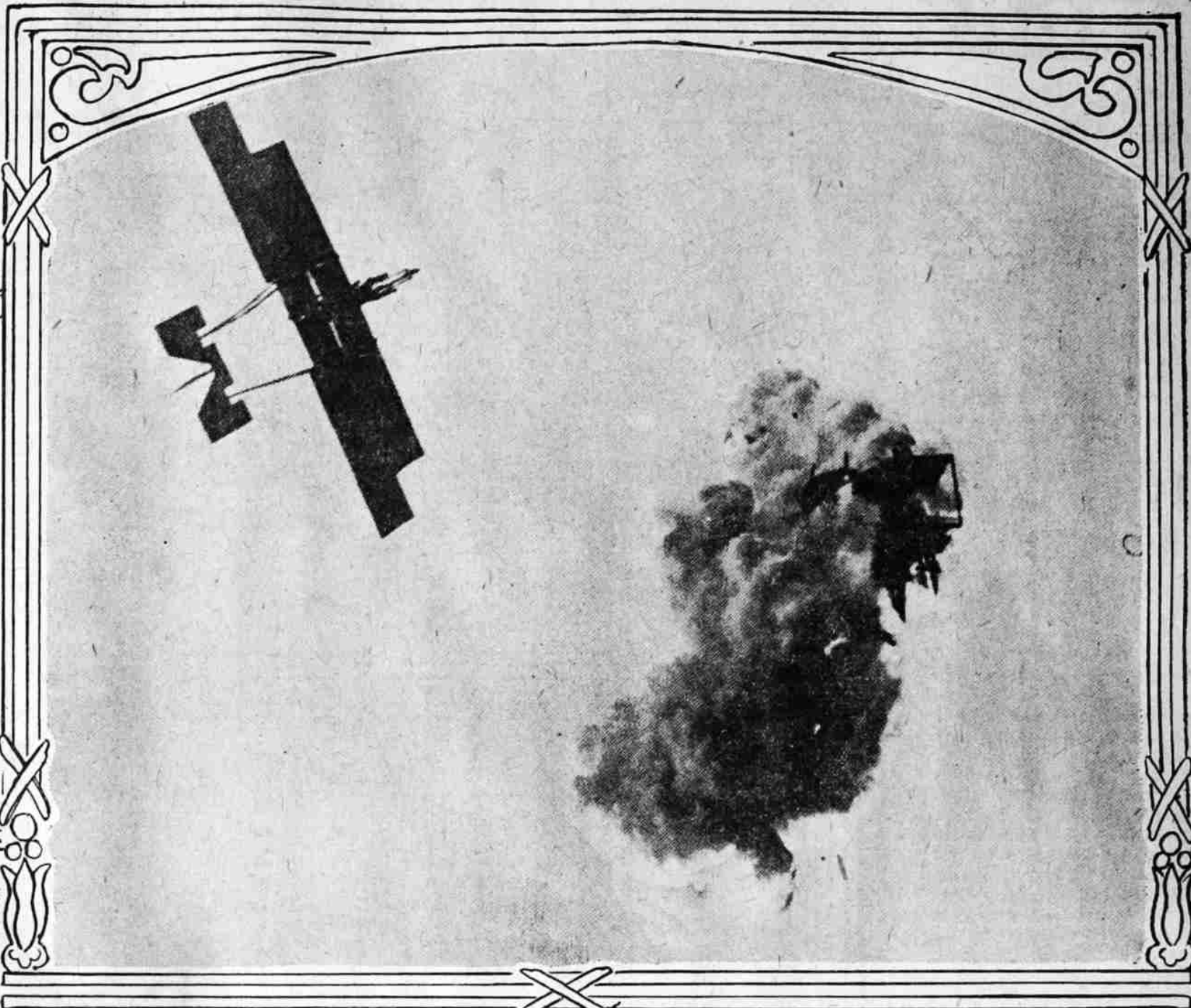
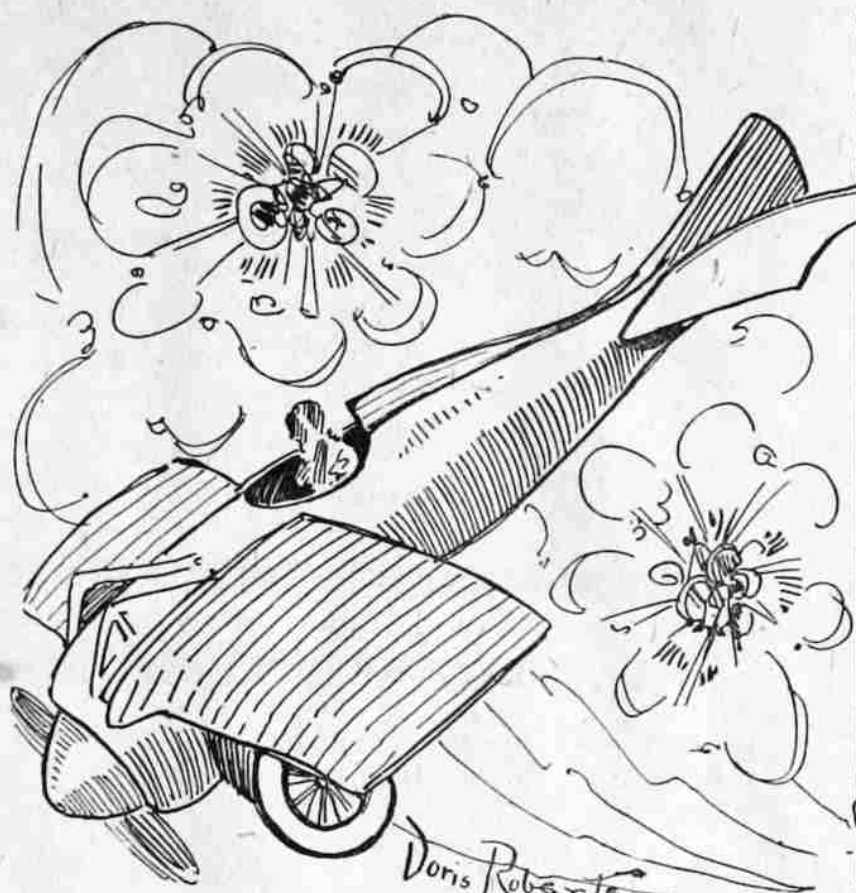


OGDEN, UTAH, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1915.

AMERICAN A HERO IN BATTLE OF THE CLOUDS

**Phil Wurst
Tells of Voyage
Over Paris and
a Desperate
Sky Engage-
ment—He Also
Has Served On
the Eastern
Front In the
Air Squadrons
Of the Kaiser**



AN AVIATOR DROPPING TO DEATH

try to escape. My Bavarian com-
rade prepared my rifle and seized
his pistol.
**DUEL IN
THE MIST.**

"The Frenchman approached closer
and closer. I attempted to reach the
protecting clouds at 5,000 feet, but
my pursuer flew swifter than we,
ever nearer and nearer. Suddenly,
I became aware of a second mono-
plane only 500 yards away. I at-
tempted to block my path. We had
to act. I shot at the airman ahead
of us. Then a turn and the major
took aim. He shot once, twice,
three times. The enemy's machine,
which was now next to us only 100
yards away, toppled, tilted upward
and then fell to the ground like a
stone. But our other pursuer al-

balls meant death to me.

"The machine reared up. The Ma-
jor seemed to rear to his feet. Blood
was pouring from his shoulder. The
covering of the wings was tattered.
The motor buzzed and roared as be-
fore, but the screw was missing. My
machine began sinking to earth. I
succeeded in gliding and threw my
plane down into the woods. The
branches and treetops crashed to
splinters. I struck the steering gear
and then no longer aware of what
was going on around me. When I
regained consciousness I was lying
next to Major G. on the forest
ground surrounded by a group of
German reservists. Recognizing
the machine they had forced them-
selves into the forest in small num-
bers to save us. Major G. had to be

"Destroy the electric light plant
at Lodz," were his orders. "Jawohl,"
was his terse reply.

Phil Wurst climbed into his al-
batross machine and flew across Po-
land toward Lodz. The Russian ar-
tillery fired shrapnel at him. But
Wurst was out after an Iron Cross
and kept right on. Above Lodz he
made some observations. He flew
one way and then turned to get the
velocity of the wind. He took his
altitude and then made a calculation
in which he figured the velocity of
the wind and the speed of his bomb
to the ground. It told him exactly
how much allowance he had to make
for the wind. Then he circled over
the electric plant of Lodz.

"My first bomb," he afterwards re-
ported, "missed. It only hit the
workshop. The second bomb hit the
dynamoes. Oh, it was fine."

Lodz was in darkness for nine
days and after the Germans cap-
tured it it took them a week to re-
pair the electric light plant.

GERMANY'S AEROPLANES.

Before this war began those who
took an interest in military affairs
thought of Germany's air forces in
terms of Zeppelins. It was acknowl-
edged that Germany had some aero-
planes, but publicly she had not
done very much with them. On De-
cember 1 last year, Count von Ar-
min, of the Flying Corps, told me
that Germany had 1,500 aeroplanes,
and that more were being turned
out every day.

A few weeks of the war and the
Taube was a sensation. Then some
of the high-powered French mono-
planes got after it and the Germans
forsook the Taube. But every news-
paper still reports any German aero-
plane as a Taube. As a matter of
fact, Germany has practically given
up the Taube. The machines that
are being used now are the Albatross
and Fokker. An officer of the
flying corps told me that the Taube
cannot climb fast enough.

The Taube is a monoplane. The
Albatross, the new German ma-
chine, is half biplane and half mono-
plane. It is exactly like a mono-
plane in appearance, save for the
fact that it has two wings where
the Taube had one. To the long
tapering fuselage, the observer's
and driver's compartments set one
behind the other, the machine has
the familiar appearance of a Bleriot
and a Nieuport. These new German
aeroplanes are equipped with mo-
tors made by the Benz, Mercedes
and the German equivalent of the
General Electric Company. Most of
them are capable of the speed of
from 80 to 85 miles an hour; some
can go over 90. They can climb
about twice as fast as the Taube,
and they can carry more bombs.

ONE OF ENGLAND'S HYDROAEROPLANES

What can be of greater interest to
ordinary readers and what can
arouse more mental speculation than
one of these dread encounters be-
tween aeroplanes in the present
European conflict?

While daily dispatches give hints
of such spectacular air battles, in
terse military language it is but
seldom that an ample description of
the feeling and thrills of the avia-
tors as they fight each other under
the intoxication of the air, is given.

Phil Wurst, an American born in
St. Louis, Mo., but more recently an
aviator of the Kaiser's army, has
given a thrilling account of a bat-
tle in the air with two French air-
ships over Paris in a letter to his
mother, excerpts of which follow.

"Dear Mother—Thank God I have
again reached my division. During
the forenoon I went at D—for the
purpose of finding the enemy's po-
sition. Ober-Lieutenant K. went
along as observer and my biplane
soon carried us to a height of 8,000
feet above the enemy's position. As
expected, we soon were the object
of lively firing and several times I
felt a well-known trembling in the
machine—a sign that a shot had
hit one of the wings. After a three-
hour fight we were able to give
our report to General Herringen at
headquarters and after compliment-
ing us he ordered us to be given
roast chicken and cigars.

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.

"I went up again in the afternoon
with Major G. We were observing
the English and French retreat and
it seemed they were moving toward
Paris.

Paris.—The Bavarian officer
shrieked something to me. Though
the motor almost drowned his voice

I understood what he meant. I
glanced at the benzine indicator and
found I had enough oil. Paris it
would be.

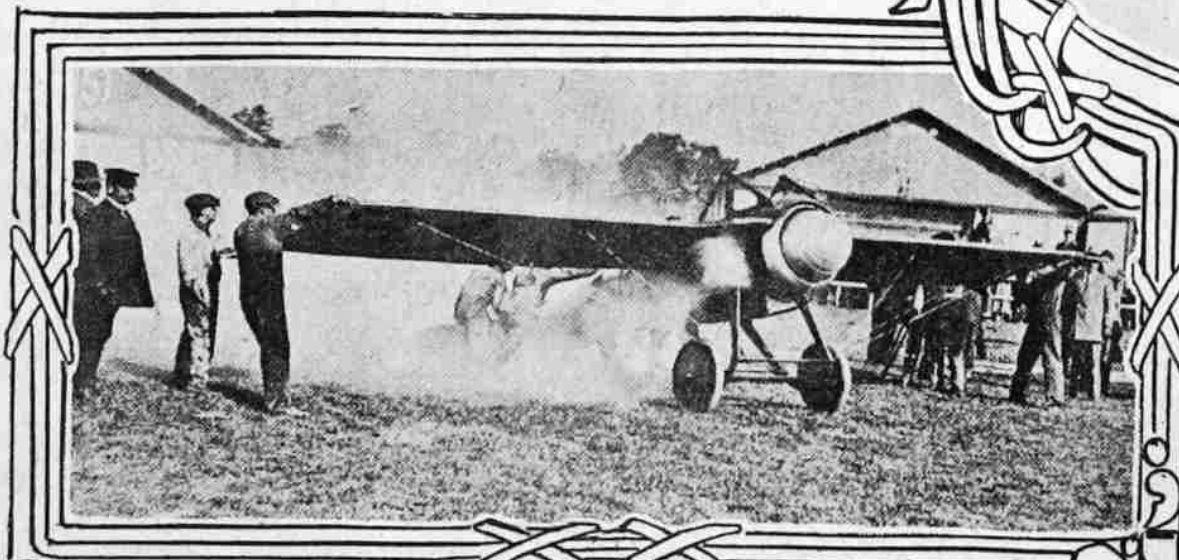
Steering toward the south we
journeyed for a half hour and then
out of the distance far, far below,
the gray stone housetops of the
French capital took shape. Some-
thing impelled me to increase our
speed, and we raced toward the city
at 70 miles an hour. Incredibly fast
Paris became clearer and more dis-
tinct.

The chain of the forts of St. Denis,
Montmarte, Montmartre stand out
through the mist, then the iron pil-
lars of the Eiffel Tower. We are
directly above Paris. The major

er, I nearly went out of my mind. I
began to make the wildest circles in
the air. I felt I could do anything.
There below me the white Sacred
Heart church, here the Gare du
Nord, there Notre Dame.

"The heart of the enemy seemed
defenseless; the proud gleaming
Seine lay below me. Everything
horrible which I always thought of
Paris as possessing, vanished—only
an impression of the wonderful and
of the great remained and I loved
Paris more as a conqueror.

"Over the house tops I swam in
great circles. Little dots in the
streets showed me that great crowds
were gathering. They could not
understand how a German could



WAR AEROPLANE BUILT IN PARIS FOR RUSSIA

points below with his finger; then
he slowly turns to me, raises him-
self from the seat and shouts, "Hur-
rah."

"And I? From sheer joy, moth-

handle the French invention more
skillfully than the French them-
selves. They began to shoot at us.
It was fine. They were very bad
shots. I felt like dropping a bomb

—not to kill them, but simply to see
something blown up. Then from the
direction of Juvisy came a French
monoplane. As it was more swift
than my biplane, I had to turn and

WAR PLANE WITH SPEED OF 100 MILES PER HOUR

most was on top of us and shot at
us with pistols. Close to the gas
lever a bullet hit the fuselage. Then
impenetrable fog hid us from the
enemy. I could hear the buzz of his
motor grow fainter and fainter.

"When we again emerged from the
gray ocean of clouds it was twilight.
But suddenly, before, behind and on
the sides white smoke clouds ap-
peared, and then bursting shrapnel.
Still flying above the enemy's po-
sition, we were directly exposed to
their artillery fire. Devil with it.
The fire grew worse. I knew from
the tremble that the machine was
getting blow upon blow. It never
entered my mind that those shrapnel

removed to the nearest hospital. I
only received a crushed leg."

Phil Wurst's greatest deed, how-
ever, was flying over Lodz, then in
possession of the Russians, and
dropping bombs into the electric
plant, which left the Russians in
fear without lights. One day when
General von Hindenburg's army was
advancing on Lodz, the Polish man-
ufacturing city, the staff decided that
to plunge the city into darkness
would be to create panic among the
Russian soldiers and inhabitants.
They sent for Phil Wurst, who
through his daring had earned the
nickname: "The Crazy Dutch-
man."